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THE COMING OF SPRING

BY F. J. CLAYTON

We know not by what way her footsteps wending,
Bring her towards us as the winter fails;
When leafless almond sprays, their long sleep ending,
Build rosy arches to the northern gales;

When hidden in their dim, green dwelling-places,
Through dewy portals, violets lean to find
If yet the grey, coiled bracken proud unlaces
His tender branches to the April wind.

When sunshine breaks through shadow on the waters,
When showers veil the glamour of the sun,
When from the frozen moss earth's starry daughters
Are springing into being one by one.

She comes, and lo! the daffodils are dancing,
Their wind-taught steps to music of the birds,
And up the fresh, wet pathways are advancing
White daisy flocks and yellow primrose herds.

She sees the leaves that shadow summer flowers,
- And from green-foldings of the bud she knows
As thoughts sleep-folded wake to nobler powers,
Shall waken all the splendours of the rose!

Not all in vain her reign, if, ere she passes,
From bright example of the awakened earth,
From birds and flow'rs, blue skies and windswept grasses,
Our hearts have caught the secret of her mirth.